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Free At Last.

Now that in my 26th year I seemed to be free at last to shape my own course I resolutely set about reducing expenses. On the first of January I moved into an unfurnished sub-basement room for which I was to pay five dollars a month at 2208 14th Street, N.W.. I took with me only such furniture and cooking utensils, including a small oil stove, as I thought I might need and sent the rest of the furniture to an auction room to be sold. Each pay day I kept out of my salary only enough to pay running expenses and the remainder was deposited in bank. I bought two cheap purses. One had two compartments, in one of which I put my living expense money for the week, and in the other my spending allowance for the same period, and made a strenuous attempt not to exceed either allowance. In the other purse I kept a reserve for the following week or until next pay day. I took care of my own room and cooked my own breakfasts and suppers at an expense of about two dollars a week. Luncheons I either went without or got at a lunch counter. In

I greatly enjoyed this experience, the feeling of independence it gave me, the satisfaction of knowing that I was accumulating a savings fund at the bank, and the long winter evenings alone for study and reading without interruption.

However, it was too good to last. My landlady, a large, rather coarse, divorced woman, began to take a lively interest in me almost immediately. She praised my housekeeping and my habits and said all I needed was a wife and she would undertake to find one for me. The room when I took it was most unprepossessing and not very clean. I scrubbed every inch of

the surface with hot water and soap, hung up curtains over the one window, put a rug on the floor, a white counterpane on the bed, so that it was always spotlessly clean, simple, and homelike. Also I had a place for everything and everything in its place. Early in February I noticed on returning to my room from the office that my things had been disarranged. The chairs were not in the same positions, books were misplaced, and there were other evidences of occupancy. The door could not be locked because it was necessary to enter the room during the day to fix the fire in the wall stove that heated the upper rooms. One evening when I returned I found the floor and bed littered with scraps of sewing, bits of cloth and thread, and an unfinished garment on the bed. These I wrathfully gathered up and placed in the corridor, but said nothing to the landlady, thinking that she would take the hint. A day or two later she entered the room without knocking when I was only partially dressed. ~~After~~ After I dived into bed she came and stood over me and said she had come down to fix the fire. Still I was too polite to say anything. It was my custom after making the bed to smooth the counterpane with a broom handle, as I had often seen my mother do. The next morning when I hastily picked up the broom and struck it horizontally ~~across~~ across the snowy white counterpane from one end to the other I was horrified to see it leave rows of black streaks of soot the length of the white cover, and I discovered that the handle of my new broom was charred black. I was angry and the limit of my patience was reached. I called the landlady down, showed her what had happened, and asked her to kindly keep out of my room in future. She flared up and said it was her house and she would enter my room whenever she felt like it. I answered that

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I thought that no lady would dream of entering a gentleman's room after he had asked ^{her} to stay out of it. She replied that no gentleman would object to a lady's presence in his room and that I was finicky and unreasonable and what I needed was a wife. Then she got abusive, and I had to remind her that I must leave for the office and had asked her to stay out of my room.

Within a week I moved to 1801 E Street, N.W. It was a corner house across from the Octagon House on 18th Street and New York Avenue and faced a small park to the south. Years later ~~this~~ this and other houses in the block were torn down to make way for the new Interior Department Building which now occupies the site. I rented ~~these~~ two ~~rooms~~ unfurnished rooms on the top floor with bath for ten dollars a month. The owner of the house was a young lady whose mother had recently died and she had moved out, so that the entire house was vacant. The water pipes had frozen, burst, and spoiled the ceiling and wall paper of the rooms below, but these were repaired the week I moved in. For a month or more I was the sole occupant of the house.

I now entered upon one of the happiest periods of my life. I was alone, free and independent, and there was no landlady to invade and disturb my room and belongings. I enjoyed arranging my things and cooking my own meals. My rooms were only two blocks from my office so that I could return to them at noon and prepare my own luncheon, a cup of coffee, crackers and cheese, bread and preserves, or fruit of some kind. From the windows on the south side I could look over the little park

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in front to the Washington Monument, the tidal basin, the Potomac River, ~~and~~ the old Long Bridge, and Alexandria on the horizon. It was very pleasant to see the trees green up in the spring and burst into full leaf.

End of the Joint Commission.

On March 4, 1895, the Joint Commission of Congress to Investigate Business Methods in the Executive Departments, with which I had been working for the last eighteen months, expired with the Congress that created it. Messrs. Haskins & Sells had decided to form a partnership and open an office for public accounting in New York City. Public accountancy was a well known profession in Great Britain but was just beginning in the United States. They asked me to go with them, but I declined because I wished to stay in Washington long enough to take advantage of the night schools. The firm was successful and I have sometimes wondered what my future would have been had I accepted their offer. Before separating they wrote a letter commending my services to Col. Ainsworth, Chief of the Record and Pension Office,

Return to the War Department.

When the Commission expired I returned to the stenographic section of the Record and Pension Office. In addition to Mr. Dodge, chief of section, Messrs. Ronne and Moran, ~~reviewers~~ proof readers, Messrs. Beale and Morgan, stenographers, and the four ladies, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Lecky, Miss Russell, and Miss Neyhart, ^{five} ~~four~~ other stenographers had been added to the force, Messrs. Davis, ~~Wright~~ Wrightsman, ^{Holmes} Gram, Dalton, and Parker, all about my age. Mr. Davis was a short, good natured young man with a homely face who was studying medicine at the

in front of the Washington Monument, the tidal basin, the
 Potomac river, and the old Navy Yard, and Administration on the
 Mall. It was very pleasant to see the river flowing in the
 spring and during the hot days.

One of the first things I saw
 in March 1900, the first of the season of Congress is the
 vestigial business which is the Executive Department, which
 which I saw first. The first thing I saw was the Capitol, which
 with the Congress that opened in 1900. I saw the Capitol and
 excited to learn a great deal and then we went to the Capitol
 building in New York City. Public relations are a very
 important part of the business and I saw the Capitol in the United
 States. They asked me to go with them, but I declined because I
 wanted to stay in Washington long enough to take advantage of
 the high season. The time was successful and I saw a number
 of things which my friends would have seen had I accepted their
 offer. Before leaving they wrote a letter thanking me for
 going to the Capitol, City of the Capitol and the Capitol Office.

Return to the War Department.

When the Commission expired I returned to the stenographic
 section of the Record and Pension Office. In addition to Mr.
 Baker, chief of section, Messrs. Hume and Hume, stenographers,
 and Messrs. Hume and Hume, stenographers, and
 the four ladies, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Hume, Miss Russell, and Miss
 Hume. Messrs. Hume and Hume had been added to the force.
 Mr. Davis was a great, good man.

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George Washington Medical School. Mr. Wrightsman was musically inclined and devoted all his spare time to composing music and practicing in a home orchestra. Mr. Holmes was taking a night course in dentistry. ~~Mr. Morgan was taking a night course of some kind.~~ Messrs. Dalton, Parker, and Gram were studying law. Mr. Beale had written a negro dialect story which was accepted by the Century Co., which confirmed his belief that he was to become an author, and every spare moment of his time was spent in composing. Mr. Morgan was taking singing lessons in the hope of becoming a paid member of a church choir. All of these young men were from different States and there was much good fellowship among them under the ~~genx~~ jovial chaffing of Mr. Dodge, whom they called the "Old Man."

I soon settled down to the routine work of the office and as before be^aame Col. Ainsworth's favorite stenographer. During the day I worked steadily, conscientiously, and efficiently. Immediately after the close of office I went to my room, brushed up and read for half an hour. Then I wou^ld either cook my own supper or walk to a restaurant where for fifteen cents I would have a bowl of sou^p with crackers, bread and butter, one meat, two vegetables, one desert, and coffee, or milk. I would be back in my room at six o'clock with four solid hours for reading. Sunday forenoons were usually spent cleaning up my rooms and putting everything in order. In the afternoon I would take a trolley ride out to Takoma Park, Chevy Chase, Glen Echo, Cabin John, Arlington Cemetery, or by boat down the river to Alexandria, Marshall Hall, or Mt. Vernon.

I was happy in my new work and surroundings and bought

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and read books steadily, mostly histories, including Adams' History of the American People, works of Washington Irving, Bancroft's History of the United States, Parkman's historical works, Grote's Greece, Gibbons' Roman Empire, ^{Auto-}MaCauley's History of England, The Federalist by Hamilton, Franklin's ^{Auto-}Biography, Prescott's Mexico and Peru, and many others of a similar nature. These I devoured with keen interest and revelled in the pageantry of history and in imagination lived through the centuries in strange lands and among strange peoples, customs, and conditions. No fiction that I have since read was ever more fascinating than these stories of the past, and I have since come to believe that much of so-called history is little more than imaginative fiction.

During the summer months I enrolled for a course of study at the Corcoran Scientific School, which has since become a part of the George Washington University. About that time "Johnnie" Morgan, the tall, ascetic, refined young man from Seattle, who was very congenial, proposed that after our summer vacations we room together and I gave a qualified and rather reluctant consent.

Vacation

I took my thirty days annual leave in September or October and visited my parents at Paris, Texas. The week before leaving for Texas the weather was excessively hot. I packed my heavier clothing and overcoat in the trunk and left Washington by the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway in light clothing. The next morning I woke up in the mountains to find that there had been a heavy frost and the coach was chilly. The train reached St. Louis the second morning an hour late, causing me to miss connection with the train for Texas so that I had to spend the

Rawlingson's "Ancient Monarchies,"
Hallam's "Middle Ages,"
Ridpath's "History of the World."

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day ^{there} in ~~St. Louis~~. It was a drizzling, cold, gloomy, depressing day. I took a street car ride through the gloomy streets and got a most unfavorable impression of the city. I listened to a band concert in the auditorium in the afternoon, waited about the railway station for an hour or more, and succeeded in catching the right train. The third morning the train stopped at a small junction station near the southern boundary of Missouri for fifteen minutes, during which the passengers could breakfast at a small wyyside restaurant. I followed the crowd and had difficulty in getting waited on. A cup of hot coffee was served only a few minutes before the train started and ~~fearing~~^{fearing} that I would miss the train I drank it scalding hot and burned my mouth. I enjoyed the daylight ride through the Indian Territory.

As the afternoon wore away and we approached Paris I became more and more excited and eager to reach my destination. Father and mother were both at the station to meet me and were delighted to ~~seek~~^{was} me back. Father ~~was~~^{was} still proprietor of a general grocery store and was prospering fairly well. They lived in a frame house of six rooms on Church Street within a block or two of the public square, surrounded by half an acre of ground, with grass and trees, and a barn, for ^{all of} which they paid six dollars a month rental.

With manifest pride mother showed me a letter she had received from Mr. Dodge, chief of the section in which I was employed, dated July 15, 1895, in which he said:

"Dear Madam:

"I know that you must be very proud of your son, Leon, and that it will be gratifying to hear from one ~~X~~ who is an entire stranger and has no motive or interest other than that of a father having sons away

from home ties and among strangers, and who would appreciate the good wishes and opinions of such, induces me to write, and with pleasure, communicate to you the high esteem in which your boy is held by me. I have known him intimately since March 25, 1893 (that being the day on which he was assigned to duty in the division of which I have the honor of having charge), and from that day to this he has proved himself a most efficient and reliable clerk (none better, and few his equal), always courteous, manly, and willing to do more than is assigned to him, and one in whom I place the utmost confidence at all times, and I consider him the most perfect gentleman I have ever met. in or out of office; (have never known him to make use of an expression which could not be made in the presence of the most select society of ladies), which is proof positive that he has been raised under the influence of a noble mother, and that influence so instilled that she need never fear of his ever doing wrong under any circumstances. This is the opinion of all his fellow clerks, who hope that the day is not far distant when his services will be rewarded by the appointing powers to a higher grade clerkship, which, in my opinion, he so justly deserves.

"Please excuse this scrawl, but I am so interrupted answering questions that it is impossible to give it the time I desire.

"Believe me, Madam, most respectfully and truly
Leon's friend," (Signed) "J. Heath Dodge."

My only excuse for copying this letter is that it is such an unusual and spontaneous tribute of an old friend written without my knowledge at the time.

During the three weeks I spent with my parents I met my former friends and acquaintances and explored the town and surrounding country. I found that I had achieved a certain distinction because of government employment and residence in Washington. I received a number of invitations to spend the evening with friends, most of whom had unmarried daughters or sisters, which made me feel shy, and after spending a most uncomfortable evening with one family I declined all subsequent invitations.

In addition to a span of mules for the delivery wagon, father kept a pretty saddle pony. Nearly every day that it did not rain

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I rode Y out into the country. One afternoon I rode south of town to the old Nichols place and saw that the open prairie that I remembered so well had been fenced and was in cultivation. The Nichols' house that was nearly new when we lived in it was now a dilapidated looking structure. On another afternoon I rode out to the farm on Reed's Prairie. Here, also, the country had changed for the worse. The farm that we had kept so neat and clean was grown up to weeds and sprouts, the rail fence was falling down, and the house was almost in ruins. The timber back of the house through which we drove to town had nearly all been cut off and much of the stump land was in crops. I more often rode westward into the prairie country. This had not changed so much in appearance, and the gentle undulating grass covered country that swept away to the sky line like the sea seemed quite as beautiful to me as it did in my boyhood days.

However, after about ten days I found myself more and more thinking of Washington and my future there and the desire to return grew steadily. I looked forward expectantly to the course of study I was to undertake at the Corcoran Scientific School and to the long uninterrupted evenings with my books. Then I began to think of the proposal to room with "Johnie" Morgan. Although I enjoyed his companionship, the thought of sharing a room with him or any other person, of being subject to interruption, and to a certain extent surrendering my personal privacy and freedom gradually made me realize that I would be happier alone. I therefore wrote my excuses to Mr. Morgan and notified my landlady that I would keep my rooms.

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Return from Vacation.

Although I had enjoyed being with my parents and seeing Paris and my friends again, it was with a feeling of pleasure and some relief when the day came to leave. After the parting was over and the train actually got under way I began to feel free again and to thoroughly enjoy myself.

I returned by way of Memphis, Birmingham, and Atlanta. I remember that I had to change cars at a little cross-roads junction called Hoxie in Arkansas. We reached Hoxie after dusk and had to wait until midnight for the connection. There seemed to be no town/^{visible}at or near the station, which was a one room frame structure that stood alone in the woods. Inside was a big cast iron stove and a hard wooden bench on three sides. It was dark and cold outside and very unpleasant inside. There were a dozen or more men and women in the room, some asleep on the benches, and most of the men were chewing tobacco and spitting on the floor. The floor and walls were dirty beyond description. Cockroaches swarmed about the nooks and corners. It was a great relief when my train came in and I was able to get a seat and drop off to sleep.

I do not remember crossing the Mississippi and presume it was during the night. During the ^uday we were crossing a hilly country of poor looking soil, scrub trees, and dilapidated farm houses. Birmingham impressed me by its smoke and grimy buildings.

The Atlanta Exposition.

We reached Atlanta in the early morning and I stopped off for the day to see the exposition. I went to a cheap hotel where I checked my baggage, and then by trolley car out to the expo-

sition grounds. I walked about viewing the exhibits until I was very tired. I was especially interested in the cotton spinning machinery and the exhibit of handicraft work by ^{negro} students of the Tuskegee Institute. It hardly seemed possible that young negroes could make plows, wagons, carriages, and house furniture that looked quite as well as those made by white men. At noon I got something to eat at a lunch stand and then walked for two hours or more through the exhibition buildings and grounds. About the middle of the afternoon I went into a cheap music hall of a rather low order, the first I had ever seen. I was very tired and it was worth the price of admission just to sit down and rest. When the performance began, as it did within a few minutes, I was shocked into wakefulness and lively interest by three young dancing girls on the stage near where I sat. A sallow young man thumped out a lively tune on an old piano to one side of the stage, always the same tune, and the three girls danced in a voluptuous manner, lifting their skirts to their waists and kicking their heels as high as their heads, so that their scanty underclothing became plainly visible. Each performance lasted about five minutes and was followed by a brief intermission. Men were coming and going, but I sat resting and enjoying the spectacle for more than an hour, I confess with a somewhat guilty feeling that I was seeing garments and ~~anatomy~~ female anatomy that no unmarried man should see.

My recollection is that I took an evening train from Atlanta and arrived in Washington the following afternoon or evening, and that I experienced a feeling of home-coming when I was again in my rooms and surrounded by my books and other belongings.

The Corcoran Scientific School.

The following week I entered the Corcoran Scientific^{ic} School, nearly a month after the fall term had opened. It was situated in the Woodward Building at the corner of 15th and ~~2~~^H Streets, N.W. The lectures and recitations were from 6 to 7 or 8 p.m. I usually ate supper at a restaurant after the office closed, was in school from 6 to 8 p.m., and spent two or three hours in study at my rooms. I took courses in mathematics, chemistry, physics, English literature, French, history, mechanical drawing, architectural drawing, and free hand drawing, and these kept me pretty busy. Most of the other students were content with one or two courses, but I was keen to complete my education and had great confidence in my unflagging interest, ability to master any subject, and habits of continuous work. Mathematics seemed to require but little study because I had been over the ground in my private studies at the farm. French was easy because I had taken a course the previous year at the Berlitz School of Languages. I was skillful and dext^erous with the pen so that drawing came easy and I made rapid progress. In fact, I incurred the displeasure of the professors in mechanical and architectural drawing when they observed that ^{after} drawing outlines with instruments I quickly ~~filled~~ filled in the details by freehand drawing. They forbid this but I resorted to it whenever they were not looking in order to save time. A hostile feeling developed between me and the professor in English, Mr. Smith, whose style I did not like because of its sardonic quality and the absolute finality with which he settled all questions, and a certain patronizing air in answering them, although I found him provocative of thought. He was a tall, slender man with an intellectual

face, but an air of condemned superiority in his manner and drawling tone of voice that to me was very irritating. This, and some rather unusual theories that he expounded from time to time challenged my hostility and I did not hesitate to point out embarrassing examples ~~invariably~~ to the contrary from Carlyle, Emerson, Scott, Dickens, Ruskin, and other writers. Usually this would start a general discussion. I have since suspected that the professor purposely made extreme and absurd statements simply to provoke discussion. He had another bad habit, that of assigning a quantity of reading and writing that would have been quite sufficient to keep a good student occupied all of his waking hours, with the inevitable result that none of them completely complied. On one occasion he was tauntingly critical because of the meager returns he got from a request for an essay. I suggested that perhaps he had overlooked the fact that practically every member of the class was employed during the day, that he was taking a number of other courses, that it was clearly impracticable to do more than a fraction of the work he had assigned, that any one who would ask or expect others to accomplish what was impracticable or impossible was clearly incompetent to judge of results, and that therefore his criticisms would have no effect on the class, because they were obviously unwarranted, unjustified and unjustifiable, and that unless he changed both his manner and reduced the amount of work involved in the exercises he prescribed the ~~ft~~ ignominious failure of the course and of him as its leader ~~was~~^{was} a foregone conclusion. This caustic statement met with the entire approval of the class and thereafter the professor was more moderate in his demands and more lenient in his treatment of the class. However, that night I

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laid aside all other work and sketched an outline of a story, which later the professor said was the best that had been submitted by any member of the class and he recommended that I expand it into a novel.

Of all the courses, however, chemistry appealed to me as the most fascinating. To me the textbook was like a fairy tale. I memorized the names, symbols, atomic weights, valences, and formulas of all the elements then known, the law of periodicity, and other so-called laws, and worked out innumerable mathematical formulas and combinations to the sixth decimal place. Dr. Charles E. Munro had charge of the course in chemistry and represented my ideal of a scientist, pale, thoughtful, refined, patient, eager, and with a seemingly inexhaustible fund of knowledge concerning every phase of his subject. Because of my keen interest in the subject I listened to him intently, so that when questions were asked I usually knew the answer instantly. It was the custom at the end of the month to paste ^{a list of} the names of the students on a bulletin board under the headings "With Honor," "Excellent," "Good," and "Fair." Usually my name appeared at the top of the list of the "Honor" group. Near the close of the term I asked and was granted an interview with Prof. Munro. I told him that I had never studied anything that appealed to me so strongly as chemistry, that I should like to drop everything else and devote all my time to it, that I believed that because of this intense interest and pleasure I could become a first class chemist, but that I had to make my living and consider ways and means, and I wanted to know from him what salary I might reasonably expect if I should give up everything else and become a first class chemist. He looked at me keenly and said, "It might take many, many years,

perhaps a lifetime of unremitting toil and sacrifice and you could not count with certainty on getting more than \$1,200 a year." "But," I said, "I am now getting that much in the War Department as a stenographer with prospects of early promotion, and I can always make more than that as a shorthand reporter." "I know," he replied, "but it is true, nevertheless, that competent chemists are underpaid, opportunities are few, and the demand for first class chemists is small, and therefore I can give you no encouragement." I thanked him, but was greatly disappointed, and that ~~X~~ is why I did not become a chemist.

Prof. Munro was employed by the Navy Department as an expert on explosives. One evening he gave us some interesting facts and exhibited specimens showing the effect of the explosion of dynamite which ~~wa~~^s not so well known then as now. Among the specimens were pieces of solid steel that had been impressed with the ~~delicate~~^t patterns of ferns and lace and other delicate fabrics by laying them on the steel and exploding dynamite over them. Another time he was illustrating the melting and ignition points of various metals by holding them over the flame of a blow pipe. I noticed that the sparks emitted were different for different metals and asked if my observation was correct. He said that every metal had a characteristic spark by which it could be identified. I noticed some peculiar burned spots on a sheet of heavy brown paper on the laboratory table and I asked what the spots were. He said they were made by drops of molten metal that spattered when they hit the paper. I asked if these ~~pat~~^terns, like the sparks, were different for different metals, and he said they were. I asked if any one had ever undertaken a systematic study

of such spatter drops and the marks they made. He said he had never seen anything on the subject in the literature of chemistry and that he had often wanted to make such a study himself but could never find the time.

Hurricane

7 In the ~~late~~ fall one evening I went to Albaugh's theater at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and 15th Street, and as I remember saw and heard Lillie Langtry. I enjoyed the play and the music greatly. When I ~~came~~^{came} out on the Avenue about 11.30 p.m. I noticed a peculiar humming sound in the air, the dense darkness of the sky, the force of the wind, and flashes of lightning. I looked toward the Treasury Department on the corner and saw an electric light wire break and fall to the ground with a sputter of flame at the ends and what appeared to be a ball of fire as large as a waterbucket roll off and disappear. To reach my rooms I walked back of the Treasury Department, the White House, the State Department, and down New York Avenue to the corner of 18th Street. The street lights were out, so I walked in the middle of the roadway, forcing my way with difficulty against the strong wind. At times I could make no headway and other times I was nearly blown off my feet. Just south of the State Department I thought I saw a huge shadow approaching and ran quickly to one side. As I did so a tree of considerable size was swept by me. When I reached my room I had difficulty in forcing open the door against the pressure of the wind that came through an open window. Trees were blown down about the house and we expected the house to go any minute. The next morning the streets and parks of Washington were covered with uprooted trees and tin roofs that had been ripped off, and in many places the streets were impassible. Several of the large

trees, some of them three feet in diameter, in the White House grounds were prostrate. LaFayette Square was impassible because of fallen trees.

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The winter of 1895 and 1896 was a busy one for me. When I started the courses of study at the Corcoran Scientific School I had assumed that my hours of office work would continue to be regular, but such was not the case. More and more Colonel Ainsworth got into the habit of sending for me just before the office closed and ^{keeping} kept me for an hour or two later, and occasionally he would ask me to return at 8 p.m. and sometimes would keep me until after midnight. For this overtime work I got no extra compensation and was expected to be at my desk promptly at 9 a.m. the next morning. For all of this extra service there was never any expression of appreciation other than his manifest preference in selecting me out of the group of stenographers available.

Early in June the examinations at the Corcoran Scientific School were held. Much to my surprise I failed in algebra, probably from overconfidence, but passed in everything else. I had been so confident of my knowledge of mathematics, including algebra, that I had neglected to study this subject, devoting all my time to other subjects. This neglect on my part ~~met~~ met the disapproval of the professor who taught algebra between whom and myself there seemed to be a natural antipathy and I could not help but feel that he had been severe in his rating of my papers. Because of this feeling and the fact that he was also dean of the school I decided not to continue the courses the following winter.

It was a great relief when the school term was over and I could have uninterrupted evenings for reading along my own

lines of interest. I greatly enjoyed my rooms and watching from my front window the trees put forth their leaves, the ever-changing lights on the Washington Monument and the broad expanse of the river beyond, and the evening sunsets.

Mother Visits Me.

It was probably in June that mother visited me and she seemed to thoroughly enjoy herself. I rented the remaining small room on the ^{ai} same floor as those I occupied and she kept house for me. She had always wanted to paint pictures and this summer she joined a class at the Corcoran Art School. I took her to the theater once a week, and Sundays we had little excursions to Cabin John Bridge or by steamer down to Marshall Hall. In August I took her to Atlantic City for a two week's vacation. We both enjoyed it greatly. The food was good and for two weeks we had nothing to do but promenade on the board walk, inspect the booths and shops, eat salt water taffy, go in bathing, lie on the sand, or go to Brigantine Beach or down to Longport. It was all strange and new to us and we enjoyed it hugely. I took special delight in bathing in the surf, lying on the sand afterwards for several hours, and listening to the waves, the surf, and the hissing of the receding water, and watching the sea spiders with cockle eyes come out of their holes, look about, and disappear at the slightest sound or movement. I suspect this was one of the happiest autumns mother ever spent. She was very reluctant to leave me and return to her home in Texas.

I Study German.

As soon as mother left I entered the Berlitz School for the study of German. The previous year I had taken the course

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in French to the point where I could follow spoken French and could read it with facility. I found German much more difficult and discontinued it after the first series of lessons because of the expense and other interests. But even this smattering of the language proved helpful thirty years later when I had occasion to spend a week in Germany.

I purchase a Flute.

After mother left I purchased a Boehm silver flute from a musician and each day spent an hour in practicing. I took a few lessons ^{from} ~~from~~ a Belgian, Jules Dieudonne, who had played in the Royal Band at Brussels and was something of an artist, making a precarious living by painting mural decorations. I soon learned to play a few familiar airs and simple pieces, so that the flute was a solace to me for several years.

I learn to drink Ale and Beer.

Up to this time, except for a childhood experience, I had never tasted beer, wine, or spirits, mainly because of the erroneous impressions I had got from reading Steele's Fourteen Weeks in Physiology with its unqualified statements to the effect that alcohol in any form is a poison and its vivid illustrations of the horribly diseased condition of the interiors of those who drank. When mother visited me she noted that I was run down, thin and pale, from overwork and insisted that I needed a tonic. She ordered a dozen bottles of Bass ale and asked me to drink one bottle a day. I did so rather reluctantly at first, but liked it, felt better for it, and soon recovered my usual health and bouyancy. And so another illusion, or delusion, was gone, name-

ly, that alcohol in any form or in any circumstances is a poison, dangerous, and immoral.

~~I Enter~~ *I* The Georgetown Law School.

Early in September I inquired about the law course in the Georgetown Law School and ascertained that one could obtain an LLB. degree in two years. I wrote to the Dean asking to be admitted to the senior year course on the ground that my experience as a court reporter, as an abstractor of land titles, and as a stenographer for business men, and the knowledge I had acquired of commercial paper and contracts, was more than the equivalent of the junior year course. My application was promptly granted. I found the law course extremely easy in comparison with the subjects I had taken the previous winter at the scientific school. It consisted mainly in listening to lectures, of which I took full shorthand notes, and of reading. I purchased the prescribed ^{law} books and read from 50 to 100 pages every evening. It was while studying law that I further developed the habit of scanning, that is, reading whole paragraphs at a glance. Usually I got sleepy about 10 p.m. and to keep awake I formed the habit of making myself a cup of strong coffee. I greatly admired the skill of the professors in lecturing, as well I might, because they were distinguished lawyers and jurists, but did not like the behavior of the students. Many of them seemed to think that it was an understood part of the course to take advantage of every opportunity, and even to make opportunities, to stand on their feet and ask or attempt to answer questions, to argue, to wrangle, and to heckle the professors.

My First Cigar.

I smoked my first cigar in Christmas week of this year. I was on leave of absence, the weather was cold, wet and disagreeable, and I sat in my room all day and evening reading for several days in succession, going out only for meals. One evening I felt out of humor with the weather, with myself, and with things in general, and I had no desire to ~~gaxttxxtxteater~~ read, ^rgo to a theater, and there was no one whom I could visit. Suddenly it occurred to me that I had never smoked tobacco in any form. I thought of Col. Ainsworth and how he smoked cigar after cigar consecutively, lighting a new one from the stub of the old one, during all his waking hours, and the satisfaction he seemed to get out of it. It was something I could do to amuse myself. Out I went to the nearest shop and bought a ten cent cigar. Returning to my room, I made myself comfortable in a rocking chair, placed a ~~slop~~ slop jar to one side, because I expected the first cigar to make me ill, cut off the end and lit the cigar as I had seen

brief. The judge, who was a real judge in the District Court of Appeals in the day time, complimented us highly and said it was one of the best briefs he had ever read.

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took charge of the case at the request of the other two and set my colleagues to looking up precedents and decisions, one to copy all the leading decisions that were favorable and the other those that were unfavorable to our imaginary client. With the results of their research before me I prepared and presented a brief. The judge, who was a real judge in the District Court of Appeals in the day time, complimented us highly and said it was one of the best briefs he had ever read.

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the subject of a case of a young woman. I recently received the letter
of the professor in testimony, as well I think, because they
were distinguished lawyers and jurists, but also because the
behavior of the students, many of them seemed to think that it
was an undignified part of the course to take advantage of every
opportunity, and even to make suggestions, to stand on their
feet and ask of others to answer questions, to answer, to
answer, and to make the professor.

others do, leaned back in the chair and proceeded to smoke. I enjoyed the taste, the warmth, the aroma, and watching the blue smoke float in curious spirals up to the ceiling. As the cigar approached the end I ^{tr}watched for some symptoms of illness, but none came. In fact, I enjoyed that first cigar as much as any I have smoked since. Thereafter I smoked a cigar regularly after supper for some months, when I began smoking two or three a day. At the end of a year I stopped, just to see if I could stop, and went nearly a year without smoking and without the slightest inconvenience. But I felt or imagined that my health was better and my mind more contented when I smoked than when I abstained, so I took it up and became an inveterate smoker. I have never regreted smoking and regard it as one of the principal satisfactions of life.

Graduation in Law

During the second half of the school year I was kept exceedingly busy with office work, lectures in the early evening, and steady reading until midnight. A moot court was organized in the school and cases assigned to the students. A case involving a protested promissory note with endorsements was assigned to Mr. Dalton of my office and class, myself, and one other. I took charge of the case at the request of the other two and set my colleagues to looking up precedents and decisions, one to copy all the leading decisions that were favorable and the other those that were unfavorable to our imaginary client. With the results of their research before me I prepared and presented a brief. The judge, who was a real judge in the District Court of Appeals in the day time, complimented us highly and said it was one of the best briefs he had ever read.

In May or June oral and written examinations were held at the law school. I passed with a degree of LL.B., number 26 in a class of 52, but was the only one who completed the course in a single year. Mr. Dalton, who had attended the school two years, received the same degree but a lower rank in the class. He was a young man of about my own age from North Carolina, always dressed in the height of fashion, and was very ambitious. He did not intend to waste any time on small legal matters but proposed to become a corporation lawyer and earn big fees from railway and insurance companies. Shortly after graduation he was promoted to \$1,400 a year, married, and bought a small house and lot in a suburban town. As the years went by he became shabbier and shabbier in his personal appearance, forgot all about his ambition to become a legal luminary, and spent all his spare time raising pigeons in his back yard and selling squabs. He had no children, had trouble with his wife, separated from her, and later became almost deaf. Still later I met him and he told me ^{he} ~~he~~ had spent a year in a hospital, lost his government position, and was out of money and desperate. Through friends I succeeded in finding a position for him where he served faithfully and efficiently, recovered his health and good spirits, but not his hearing.

~~At the beginning~~

I Move Again.

At the beginning of the ^{ea} year I moved to the corner of Stanton Square and C Street, N.E. where I had a nice large corner room on the second floor, overlooking the park, with a small hall bedroom adjoining. Here I established myself in comfort. The large

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room had an open fireplace in it. The heat supplied from below was not always sufficient, so that I decided to have wood fires in the fireplace, but was puzzled to know where to keep the supply of wood, so as to avoid inconvenience to myself and others. I hit upon the plan of buying a quarter of a cord of split wood at a time and piling it under the center table on which was a spread large enough to reach the floor on all sides so that the wood pile was completely concealed. The open fire added greatly to the cheerfulness of the room in the long winter evenings.

I am Sent to the Office "Botany Bay."

I have mentioned the fact that Col. Ainsworth frequently sent for me just before closing time, sometimes keeping me until midnight. One afternoon in the spring he sent for me at closing time, dictated a short letter, and ^{handed} ~~had~~ me two pages of figures in columns to be copied. He said nothing about wanting the work done that evening, as was his custom when he desired copy immediately, and I assumed that ^{it was a routine matter and that} he simply wished to get it off his desk and have the finished copy early the following morning. The next morning ~~I ran off the copy and sent it down by messenger~~ immediately after the office opened I was ^{handed} ~~handed~~ a written order from the chief clerk to report for duty at the 10th Street office in the Ford's Theater Building, which was known at the main office as "Botany Bay." I was dumbfounded and completely at a loss to understand why. The chief clerk himself could not enlighten me beyond the fact that he had been instructed by Col. Ainsworth to prepare the order and send it to me. I asked permission to see the Colonel but was told that I would not be admitted. I therefore went to the 10th Street office and imme-

diately wrote a letter to Colonel Ainsworth to the effect that I was completely at a loss to understand what possible reason there could be for the action taken in my case and respectfully asked to be informed. There was no answer, but late that afternoon the assistant chief of the correspondence division called to interview me. He said the Colonel had not deigned to tell any one the reason for his order, that no one except the Colonel knew, and that every one, including the chief clerk, was afraid to ask. I said that I was not afraid to ask, but could not very well do so if I was not permitted to enter his room, but unless I received a satisfactory reply to my letter within 24 hours I would see that the Texas delegation in Congress asked the question of the Colonel and got his answer for me, and in any case, whether the ~~an~~ explanation were satisfactory or not, I would probably resign; but before resigning I wished to give the Colonel an opportunity to explain what seemed to me a most unjust, unwarranted, and wholly incomprehensible action. I added "That is my message to him through you, and if neither you nor any one else in the office has the courage to deliver it I can and will see that it reaches him." He questioned me as to just what took place when I was with the Colonel the evening before and went away convinced that I was telling the truth. The next morning a telephone message from the chief clerk ordered me to return to my desk in the stenographic division. On reaching my office I was greeted with a warm reception from the entire division. The chief of division said that no one even yet knew why I was sent to the 10th Street office, and that the only explanation vouchsafed by the Colonel was that it was a misunderstanding on his part for which he was sorry. A few minutes

later the Colonel's signal for me rang and I went down with my notebook, took my accustomed seat by his desk, and he at once began to dictate as if nothing had happened.

I Buy a Bicycle.

After the law school closed I invested in a bicycle and a knickerbocker suit. Automobiles were, of course unknown. The common means of travel in and about the city was by means of horse-drawn, cable-drawn, and electric trolley street cars, ~~other horse-drawn vehicles~~, and bicycles. ~~The~~ ^Bicycles had steadily come into use and ~~was~~ ^{were} very popular. The streets were crowded with them, especially in the early morning and late afternoon when thousands of government clerks were going to and from their offices. On Sundays and holidays the roads leading out of Washington to nearby points of interest were swarming with them. There were bicycle clubs, races, and long distance endurance runs, and special cinder paths were constructed for the exclusive use of bicycles parallel with the common roads. I greatly enjoyed bicycle riding and always had one thereafter until the coming of the automobile made them hazardous. I learned to ride at a bicycle park that was maintained at the old Van Ness mansion at the foot of 17th Street where the beautiful Pan American Union building now stands.

